But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath descried the number of the foe;
Nor. Six or seuen thousand is their greatest number.
King. Why, our battalian trebles that account,
Besides that, a Kings name is a Tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse party want:
Vp with my Tent there valiant Gentlemen,
Let vs survey the vantage or the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Lets want no discipline make no delay,
For Lords to morrow is a busie day, *Exeunt.*

Enter Richard with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden seat,
And by the bright tracke of his fiery Carre,
Giues signall of a goodly day to morrow,
Where is Sir *William Brandon*, he shall beare my standerd,
The Earle of *Pembrooke* keepe his regiment,
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent.
Yet one thing more; good *Blunt* before thou goest,
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarterd, doest thou know?
Blunt. Vnlesse I haue mistaine his colours much,
Which well I am assur'd I haue not done.
His regiment lieth halfe a mile at least,
South from the mighty power of the King.
Rich. If without perrill it be possible,
Good Captaine *Blunt* beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me this most needfull scrowle.
Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it.
Rich. Farewell Good *Blunt*.
Giue me some Inke and paper in my Tent,
Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his seuerall charge,
And part in iust proportion our small strength:
Come let vs consult vpon the morrowes businesse,
In our Tent, the aire is raw and cold.

Enter King Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesby.

King. What is a clocke?

Cat.

Cat. It is six of the clocke, full
Kin. I will not sup to night, giu
What is my Beauer easier then
And all my armour layd into my
Cat. It is my Liege, and all thin
Kin. Good *Norfolke* hie thee t
Vse carefull watch, chuse trusty
Nor. I goe my Lord.
Kin. Stur with the Larke to m
Nor. I warrant you my Lord
Kin. *Catesby.*
Rat. My Lord.
Kin. Send out a Purseuant at
To *Stanleys* regiment, bid him b
Before Sun-rising, least his sonne
Into the blind caue of eternall
Fill me a boule of Wine, giue m
Saddle white Surrey for the fiel
Looke that my staues be found
Rat. My Lord.
Kin. Saw'st thou the melanc
Rat. *Thomas* the Earle of *Sur*
Much like Cockshut time, from
Went through the army cherin
Kin. So I am satisfied, giue m
I haue not that alacrity of spi
Nor cleare of mind that I was
Set it downe, is Inke and pape
Rat. It is my Lord.
Kin. Bid my guard watch, l
Ratcliffe about the midst of ni
And helpe to arme me, leaue m

Enter Darby to Richm

Dar. Fortune and victory sit
Rich. All comfort that the d
Be to thy person noble father i
Tell me how fares our noble
Dar. I by attorney blesse the
Who prayes continually for

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G